Let Child Be Active; Gains Responsibility

BY DR. WILLIAM A. M'KEEVER. Professor in the University of Kansas and An Authority On Child Training.

Begin when he is knee high to give your child some tiny portion of the household duties and responsibilities. Add to this slowly as he increases in strength and ability and thus continue to make him an integral part of the family.

to make him an integral part of the family. There are far too many big, nice-looking boys and girls who are simply boarding at home: who are during a part of the time, in the family, but none of the time, in the family to perform. The family to perform. No matter how small the little member can have a baby task.

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Here's Puzzle Picture—Find the Mother



Mrs. William A. Ayres (second from right) and Her Three Daughters.

The mother of the three charming young ladies shown in the photo tries to keep young so she can have as good a time as they when the four are out together. The measure of her success is indicated in the picture. The mother is Mrs. William A. Ayres, wife of Congressman Ayres of Kansas. She is a charming hostess and is often assisted by the girls, who are soon to be presented to society.

UNCLE WIGGILY SEDTIME STORY

mond dishpan."

And when Uncle Wiggily's change came up from down cellar, he and the little pussy cat girl clerk went to look at the musical tops.

They certainly were fine, all painted red, blue, green and some even that rare skilligimink color; and when they were wound up and the string pulled, the tops spun around and played such tunes as "Tra-la-la!" and "Hum-dedum!" and "Tum-te-tee!" and "La-la-la-la!"

"I surely must get one of those for Johnnie," said Uncle Wiggily. "I got Billie a new popgun yesterday, so he will not need anything in the way of a toy now. But a top that plays music will be just the thing for Johnnie. Give me the largest, finest, prettiest colored and loudest musical top you have for a little squirrel boy!" cried the rabbit gentleman.

and loudest musical top you have for a little squirrel boy!" cried the rabbit gentleman.

The little pussy cat girl wrapped it up for him and soon, with the gold and diamond dishpan under one paw and the musical top under the other. Uncle Wiggily was on his way back to the squirrel house.

He had not traveled very far, hopping slong with his tall silk hat and his pink twinkling nose before, all at once, out from behind a mulberry flower bush that was blossoming very early that year, there sprang the old Pipsisewah. He had on the nice red fireman necktie he had taken away from Billie Bushytail the day before.

"Ah, ha! We have met again, I see! Very good!" cried the Pip to Uncle Wiggily.
"Very bad, I call it," said the rabbit

Very good!" cried the Pip to Uncle Wiggily.

"Very bad, I call it." said the rabbit gentleman. "What do you want now? I have no red tie for you to take."

"No, but you have souse," snickered the Pip. "And souse I want, and souse I will have." And be looked bungrily, very hungrily, indeed, at Uncle Wiggily's ears. Souse, you know, grows on little pigs' cars, and as rabbits have such long ears of course there is more souse on them.

"Well, if you must take my souse, I suppose you will," sadly said the bunny uncle. "But before you do, grant me one last favor."

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"What is it?" asked the Pip. "Now don't go to asking me to let you run home to wind the clock, or anything like that, for I shan't do it. Anything in reason, but not that.

"I wasnt' going to ask that, said Uncle Wiggily. "I don't want to wind the clock. But I have just bough! Johnnie a new musical top. I didn't have a very good chance to listen to its music in the nine and eleven-cent store. I should like to wind that top up now and hark to it once more before you take my souse."

"All right, that is a reasonable request and I will allow it, said the Pipsisewah formal like and self-explanatory. "Spin the top!"

Uncle Wiggily set down the silver and brass washtub. Then he wound up the musical toy and pulled the string, letting the top spin on a flat stamp nearby.

strang, learny,
Figst the top blayed a "Hum-hum-hum" time. Then it span a little faster and it played a "Hi-diddle-diddle" song.
"That is very pretty," said the Pipsisewah. "It reminds me of the time when I was a young and tender creature."

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Uncle Wiggily said nothing, but the top kept on playing. It played a sailittle "Tra-ia-ia" song, about birds singing and flowers blossoming and church bells ringing, and it even made lears come into Uncle Wiggily's eyes.

As for the Pipsisewah, he grew sadder and sadder and finally he burstright out crying and had to wire his lears away on Billie's red necktie.

"Oh, stop the top! Stop the top, howled the Pip. "That song makes meremember when I was a good little Pipsisewah, and never thought of taking source from old rabbit gentiemen's ears. Oh, I wish I had always been good. Oh, how remorseful I feel! Hurry and run along, Uncle Wiggily, before I feel bad and souselike again. Johnne's musical top makes me too sad o bityon." And then with the tears running down his cheeks and drinning of Billie's red tie, away ran the had chan, leaving Uncle Wiggily and the top and the gold collar button safe and sound. "It's a good thing I knew how to play that top," said the rabbit genticutan, as he bicked it up and hurried on to Johnnie with it. And the squirrel boy liked it very much.

So this teaches us that music is good.

sait, cornstarch to thicken, vanilia to taste.

In the upper part of your double cooker cream sugar, butters eggs. Add milk, water and sait. Heat and thicken waxed paper all around two inches from the ton and slip off carefully. Open the package in the usual way, take our what you require, close the have ready two baked pie crusts, and into these turn butterscotch filling. Beat the whites of eggs and spread over top of pies. Bake in moderate oven until nicely browned.

Stuffed Carrets. W

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

The lovely name of June is as sugmonth which It honors. Of course

For these who prefer to establish a direct classical connection. June may be said to be bestowed in honor of the goddess. Juno, wife of the mighty Zeusfather of the gods. Not only was June the feminine ruler of the mythological singdom on Mount Olymous—and more than often the ruler of Zeus as well—and her spiendid physical proportions have set her ands as an ideal of feminine womanhood. Her modern ham sakes have a standard of beauty almost martainable.

However appealing the clusical legend may be, the simpler explanation for the bestowal of the hame today points to the sixth month of the year. June is generally given to girls born in the month of roses, though its adaptablist to romance has given it tremendous vogue among the fanciul maines.

June is, of course, purely English It has no derivatives or contractions and no translations into other languages which may be said to preserve its identity. Junius, meaning of Juno, is the only masculine form. The agnte is June's talkmanic stone it is said to give its wearer courses, to guard her from danger and to bring her her heart's desire. Monday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number. The wild rose is her flower.

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Note to readers: Is there a fact con-cerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history; its meaning; its derivation and signifi-cance? Do you know your lucky day and your lucky jewel? If not, Mildred Marshall wil tell you.

Send self-addressed and stamped en-velope with your queries, to Mildred Marshall. The News Scimitar.

Household Hints

Fruit Dressing—Beat two eggs slightly, add one-quarter cup lemon juice, one-quarter cup orange or pine-apple luice and one-quarter cup sugar. Cook in double boiler until thickened attreing constantity.

(Only haif this amount of dressing will be needed for the amount of applies celery and note stated above. ples celery and nuts stated above? Serve on lettuce leaves or garnisi with tender leaves from celery.

Gocoanut Cream Pie-One tablespoon flour, two tablespoons buffer substitute, encountry of salf, one-hulf tes-spoon vanilla, three tablespoons sugar, milk. Melt the butter Add the flour, sait and sugar and smooth, then the yolk of the egg and milk. Cook until thick. Stir to prevent scorching. Remove from the fire and add vanilla and cocoanut and, histly, the heaten whites of the eggs. Beat well until of ight and creamy. Pour into baker crist, sprinkle cocoanut over top and brown.

The News Scimitar, 63 35th St., Brooklyn, New York can be supposed to the cocoanut over top and brown.

What's In a Name? Mother Tries to Kill Girl's Love For Boy

Dear Mrs, Thompson: What would you do if you were in love with a girl two years your junior (my age is 22) under the following circumstances? Her people are living more on the reputation of their ancestors than upon their own. My family is of pure English blood, without a blot or blemish, but not boast-

Fashion's Forecast By Annabel Worthington.



LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS.

-page fashion magazine, containing all

The girl's mother has tried in every conceivable way to kill her love for me and has at last resorted to throwing insinuation upon my character and that of the girl. Her mother is trying to make of the girl one of the so-called "butterfly" kind, but the girl does not wish this, but seems perfectly satisfied with my companionship. We are both held in the highest esteem by our girl and boy friends. I dearly love this girl and my forends in dearly love the girl and and ferromined not to give her up, but her mother seems equally determined to kill her love for me by resorting to underhand methods. Should I give up this girl and my love for her because of the insulting things her mother says?

"Faint heart theer won fair lady." If you love this girl as you say you do, you can put up with a lot of things to win her. It is largely up to the girl, however. If her love for you is of mich character that she prefers it to pleasing her mother, it is a matter for her to decide. As for you, remember that you are not in love with the girl's family, but with her, and if she cares enough for you to give them up for you that in the thing that you are moet interested in.

if she marries you and you make her

the highest price.

As for the girl's family living upon the reputation of ancestors, I can not answer your letter without expressing myself about ancestors. We all have ancestors, but personally I believe that when one's parents are respectable, law-abiding, God-tearing people, the past doesn't count for a great deal. I am a strong believer in Josh Billings' philosophy—'So live each day that you can look any man in the eye and tell him to go straight to hell." In the present day and time the thing that counts most is what you are today and what you can do today, not what you were yesterday or what you have done.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—' go with a boy whom I like and apparerity he likes me, but like nearly all the loays I know he is easily offended. Oo you think It would be imprudent to call him ever the phone and try to get him in a better humor? What do you think of a boy who wants to hiss and caress you the first time or two that he is in your company alone? I feel insulted and it seems to me that it is impossible for a boy to become so infatuated with a girl in so short a time. I feel that such boys do not mean well. Inform me as to bringing about friendahip with a boy with whom I have had a misunderstanding. I don't want him to be aware that I want his friendship agrin, but I do wonder why hoys are so thoughtless of their sweethearts. How can they forget them as soon as they are out of sight?

If the boy whom you want to call over the phone is one of those who wanted to kiss and caress you the first lime he was with you alone. I would have the lines you have to do with him and he

ctances when there has been a misun-derstanding, either you are to box must be at fault. If you are to blame, go to the box and fell him so and that you regret the incident and express the hope that be will accept your apology. If he does accent it the friendship should be resumed where it was prior to the mis-understanding. If he is at fault the situation should be just the reverse. tances when there has been

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a young man 20 years of age. I have two girl friends both just my age. One of the girls I go with regularly and the other occasionally.

friends both just my age. One of the girls I go with regularly and the other occasionally.

The one I go with occasionally treats me as a good friend only. The more I see of her the more I love her.

The more I see of the girl I am with often, the more I seem to dislike her. She is just the opposite; the more she cess of me, the more she seems to love me. She has been that way ever since we first met. It is genuins love ahe gives me, too, none of this soft kind of love. She knows guite a few men, but doesn't seem to care for any of them except me. Her parents say she never cared for any other man. I enjoy being with her, but in some way I just can't return the love she gives me. Please understand she isn't so affectionate with every one—just me. I find when it is impossible for me to see her very often I get very anxious about her. She is a good girl, modest and good-looking. I want to treat her as a sister. I would do anything for her, but I can't return her love. I want to give it to my other friend whom I see only occasionally. I want to give the little girl a square deal, and so please advise me what to do.

BLUE-EYED BILL.

It seems to me that the kindest thing you can do is to tell the girl the truth. square deal, and so please advise me what to de. BLUE-EYED BILL.

It seems to me that the kindest thing you can do is to tell the girl the truth. Say that you regard her as a dear sister and cannot love her in the way you should to accept her love. She will be married to be a seem of the course, but in the end she will be happier because she knows the truth.

Dear Mrs Thompson—I am a girl of 16. I go to Sunday school and church and am a schoolgiri. I have a host of friends, both boys and girls. Most of my girl friends go with fellows. I do not care to go, as I think I am almost ten yours.

All of the fellows seem crazy about All of the fellows seem crazy about me, but when they ask for dates I reques. Not often do they ask for more than two or three chances. Do you think I am soing wrong by not going? Co you think these fellows will, care for me when I am older? Some I think very much of and they are highly respected young men. They all appear to care for me.

At your age you should not go with boys to any great extent. I think, however, that it would be all right for you to allow dead of your parents in this matter. If they do not want you to go with boys, wait a year or two. There is no teamon why you should not be an opposed then as now.

Dear Wes. Thompson—I am a dis-charged operages soldier. Before I went to the semy I met a girl here and loved her the first time I saw her. I speed to write to her and she used to answer my letters. I asked her if she would wait until I returned from the army and she said she would, and she Ke, I her promise. I would like to marry and hext may and would like to be mar-red in anoxider state. Could you please ten me if it would be necessary to have a winess. a winess; white to the marriage ficetse crers of the country in which you want to marry, it will be wise to have particulars in It will be wife to have particulars in regard to the matter. In some counties a scene cannot be procuped on short source and in most paces the girl mas to give must county as the place she is staying. She should give her hotel advises and not ser nome address if she states from another state. Witnesses with be required, but it is not necessary that they be friends. You can produce witnesses without difficulty.

CERTAINLY.

The Man of Law-But, my dear mad-ant, there is no insurance money for you to draw. Your late husband never insured his life; be only had a policy The Wonderful Widow-Precisely.

BRINGING UP FATHER—By George McManus Cnoyright, 1920, by International News Service.







LITTLE MARY MIXUP—It Came Hard, but Mary Finally Thought of One















JOE'S CAR-Joe Can't Swallow the "Owner's" Explanation

